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It will be fair today.

REVELATION OR FAKE.

That "love laughs at locksmiths," and that "murder will out," is exemplified in the sensational and unverified account of a ghastly deed, which comes from Indianapolis. It is made to appear that two young lovers murdered an elderly and preferred editor, with the two-fold object of obtaining money and removing an objection to their union. At a revival meeting a convert under the power of the spirit knelt beside the young wife who had been awakened and was seeking grace at the mourners' bench. While the two knelt together a vision of a murder came to the convert. She left her worship, went home, and the next day sent for the young woman, to whom she related her vision. The young woman fainting before the tale was completed, and on regaining consciousness confessed the crime. Members, hypnotists and mindreaders have here the basis for a remarkable instance of the truth of their mystical beliefs. But the party said to have been murdered has not been missed, nor his identity has been established. Later developments may place this revelation with the numerous recorded instances of crime confessed under religious excitement, or once more reveal the imagination of a reporter bound at all hazards to be credited with a scoop.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

It is easy to do wrong when everybody else around us is doing wrong, and when no one seems to think there is no harm in wrong-doing. It is comparatively easy for some persons to do right when everybody around them are doing right, and when right-doing seems to be the only thing to be done by anybody. But it is not so easy to do right when everybody around us is doing wrong and where our standard of right is looked upon by others as wrong instead of right. Yet in the final test our responsibility is for our individual action, whether that action accords or disagrees with the action of those around us. Our duty is to do what is right, regardless of the opinion or of the course of our fellows, and this it is that makes life the constant struggle that the well-doer seems to find it to be.

DECREASE OF DEBT.

Here is more cold comfort for that deluded class of our population who are more adept in discovering calamities than in discovering cause for congratulation. The public debt in 1890 was \$1,922,517,364, in 1899 it was \$891,960,104. Decrease more than \$1,000,000,000 per annum. Decrease per capita from \$38.33 to \$14.24. State and local indebtedness, however, increased from \$1,123,278,647, to \$1,135,210,242, but the per capita debt decreased \$4.27. The combined national, state and local debt decreased in the same period from \$30.75 to \$22.37. Our wealth increased from \$17,000,000,000 to \$25,000,000,000. Yet we are told the country is going to the demmion bow-wow, and the people are so burdened with debt that gaunt ruin stares them in the face. Why, if each one of these calamity howlers was endowed with the riches of a Croesus they would then ask for more and cry ruin because they could not have it.

RELIEF FOR COURTS.

Litigation keeps step with the pace of the age. This was never better exemplified than it is by the number of cases submitted to the United States supreme court. Here the plethora of cases has become so great that some remedy must be provided. Looking to this end a bill has been introduced in the senate limiting the appeals which may be carried to the supreme court. This will afford some relief, but the judiciary branch of the body politic needs to be put on a par with the country. Methods which were ample and expeditious in the earlier years of this government are today not broad enough. Courts are hampered with too many appeals which involve nothing more serious than a family quarrel.

WITHOUT A PRINCIPLE.

Prohibitionists are considering the advisability of nominating Gen. O. O. Howard as their standard-bearer in the presidential race. If General Howard reasons as well as he fought he will not listen to it. He is already famous and he can add no honor of value to his record by posing as the prohibition candidate. At best he could expect no more than defeat, and defeat to a good general is always a possibility to be avoided. If a principle in line with common sense was at stake then he might champion that principle. But no principle of that character is at stake. Prohibition even refuses to allow to those not in harmony with it the enjoyment of their opinions.

BECOMING SERIOUS.

Accounts from Wyoming agree in saying the war between the cattlemen and the rustlers has assumed greater and more serious proportions than was anticipated. The cattlemen are deter-

mined the rustler shall go and the rustler is equally determined to stay. The one is the legitimate owner of herds the other the thieving desperado. Both are hardy, determined men handy with a Winchester and not unacquainted with the bowie knife. The presence of troops unless in sufficient numbers to strike quick can result in nothing more than a prolonged warfare. Lawlessness has gone unchecked for so long a time that law has become a misnomer with many of these cowboys.

With closed doors the senate discussed and referred the new modus relating to our seals to the committee on foreign relations. But before the discussion had fairly closed, and certainly before the senate adjourned, the wires were kept hot transmitting a full report of the senate's action. The discharge of Executive Clerk Young did not stop the leak. The locking of doors and excluding all excepting senators does not stop it. Can it be that there are rats in the senate chamber? Rats are sometimes very highly endowed with intelligence, and it may be that the senate chamber rats have grown wise with nibbling the chunks of wisdom strewn promiscuously about.

In their efforts to economize the present house is making a record on the post-office bill, of which they ought to be heartily ashamed. In their endeavor to retrench, as reported from the committee, the bill is \$2,100,000 greater than the bill passed by the "billion-dollar" congress. Where liberality was warranted there have acted with penuriousness, and on the other hand where a saving might have been made they included an item of \$198,000 which the postmaster-general not only did not ask for, but specifically pointed out as unnecessary and extravagant. They have fairly earned the title of "the five-cent congress."

A STATEMENT made by Alfred Dolge of New York, a manufacturer of felts, shows that prices on felts have not increased, on the contrary, that they have decreased; that wages of employees have been advanced by him 12 1/2 per cent, and that a further advance of 10 per cent will now be made. In addition to the raise in wages, hours of labor have been reduced to nine and one-half. All this says Mr. Dolge is the direct result of the McKinley tariff.

COUNTERFEITING is to imitate or to make in the semblance of, hence in law if the currency or coin of the realm be imitated, even though the material used be of like fineness and value to that employed by the government, it is counterfeiting. Knowing this the kernel in the nut is revealed in the action of the silverites, who endeavored to pass a bill which would give them the privilege of minting sixty-seven cents worth of silver and paying it out for 100 cents.

In a letter to THE HERALD an esteemed friend declares that Mr. Rich is not a self-seeker, but that he consented to be a candidate this year after being repeatedly pressed by prominent republicans all over the state to permit the use of his name. He also adds that the spontaneous sentiment of nine-tenths of the republicans of this district is favorable to Mr. Rich.

MANY of the Oklahoma boomers have a surprise in store for them. Kodaks had been furnished by the government and those impatient ones who could not resist setting foot on the promised land, are now well informed that that one step pressed a kodak button, photographed an impatient act and turned down an opportunity to scramble with the rest of the fellows.

ROYALTY in England is supported at an annual cost exceeding \$18,000,000. The president's salary and the incidental expenses of the white house do not aggregate \$250,000. The president's salary with incidentals and the annual expenditures for river and harbor works do not equal the cost of English royalty.

BELLAMY's utopian scheme has been put in practical operation at Junction City, Kansas, after a one-year trial the forty-five families interested reported an average expense of only \$113.60 per family. This co-operative kitchen, as it is named, is estimated to have saved a considerable sum to each family.

EXPORTS for the month of March were \$7,700,000 greater than March 1891. Of course the reciprocity policy now in force has nothing to do with this. But so long as the great free trade party can not point a more plausible reason republicans will be excused for thinking it had all to do with it.

TWO NOTABLE events happened yesterday. One the Louisiana state election, the other the opening of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations to settlers in Oklahoma. The elections passed off without any unusual disturbance, and the 25,000 would-be settlers rushed in so hurriedly that they had no time to devote to interesting news making.

WISCONSIN democrats, in the face of the supreme court decision, will Michiganize the state and steal twelve electors for Cleveland, should he be nominated. That is they will undertake to do this.

COMPLETE reports from ten counties in northwestern Ohio show that 80 per cent of the farms are entirely free from mortgages. Calamities like this are being reported from all over this country.

PACIFIC coast senators are making a strong fight for the house exclusion bill, and from this distance it looks as if the fight would be on the house bill rather than on the senate substitute.

It will be in order now for those who failed to get a quarter-section in the Arapahoe reservation to set up the old cry of "sour grapes."

HOW SILK IS MADE

A Manufacturer's Agent Talks About the Thread

EMPLOYMENT GIVEN TO WOMEN

The McKinley Bill Has Fostered the Industry and Built Up Trade.

Hotel Notes.

E. C. Stone, of Detroit, representing the Richardson Silk company, is at the New Livingston. "Our factory," said Mr. Stone, "employs between three and four hundred hands, 250 of whom are girls, had an annual output of \$500,000 last year and will increase it by \$200,000 this year. We receive all our silk from China and Japan after it has been reeled from the cocoons, and when we get it it looks like dirty yarn. We put it in hot water to wash out the gum, spin it, twist it, stretch it, put it through a process called finishing, wind it on spools, box it up and ship it all over the world. It takes generally two or three days to turn out a batch, but we sometimes have to fill an order in twenty-four hours. The output is estimated in pounds ounces and drachms, and we finish on an average 300 pounds a day and it aggregates 100,000 pounds a year. We are now obliged to keep our factory running until 8 o'clock at night three nights in the week to fill orders. There are 357 silk factories in the United States, only three in the west, our own, one at Beijing and one in San Francisco. Beside thread we make mohair brands, but no fabrics. Of all the factories there are only eight of any size, the others being small, unimportant concerns in New England and Eastern New York.

Helped by McKinley.

"Our factory was built six years ago and is one of the largest. The McKinley bill has been a big help to our business. By it there is no duty on raw silk, but a heavy one on the manufactured article. It is a growing industry and few people realize the extent of it. There is little competition in the thread business. The best thread is made in America. Italy, France and other European countries make fabrics almost exclusively. Little silk is made up in China. We require very delicate machinery in the manufacture of thread. It is impossible to make an imperfect thread, for if it breaks the machine will stop. We require skilled labor in some parts of the work, but not much. The girls do the nicer work than the men. It is neat, clean work and no dust. They get fair pay, \$3.50 to \$10 per week. A spooler who does her work neatly and smoothly can easily earn \$10 a week."

Gossip of the Lobby.

W. J. Morgan of Chicago, son of Senator Morgan and one of the most devoted bicycle enthusiasts in this country was at the Morton yesterday. Mr. Morgan represents The Referee, the official journal of the L. A. W. He made a famous record some time ago by riding over 500 miles in 16 hours with but one dismount.

C. H. Holmes, a Chicago hotel broker, is spending the week at the Morton. Mr. Holmes was formerly proprietor of the famous Monongahela house in Pittsburgh. Now he buys and sells hotels as easy as some people do hay.

W. H. Laquet, a Grand Haven capitalist and shipowner and one of the richest men in Western Michigan, is at the New Livingston.

F. W. Stevenson, one of the oldest business men in Iowa, is at the New Livingston.

L. G. Palmer, United States district attorney, and wife are at the New Livingston.

F. A. Halty, a Grand Haven druggist, is at the New Livingston.

AMUSEMENTS.

"The Fast Mail" has caught the crowd and large houses are the rule at Redmond's this week.

The tickets for the "Pirates of Penzance" will be on sale at Powers' on and after Thursday morning. In the meantime a great many tickets are being disposed of on the outside. Those holding such tickets can have them reserved at the box office.

This is James O'Neill's twelfth season with "Monte Cristo" and strange to say his performance of Dumas' hero is as virile and as attractive as ever. Wonder that he has not tired of the part, but then the fact must be considered that the actor is constantly making money. In sooth, Mr. O'Neill is a very rich man, and his wealth is all acquired with this play.

The first matinee of the week will be given at Smith's today.

Patti Ross, the cute little soubrette who has a style of her own, and who sings with laughing eyes and is sprightly with her feet, will be at Powers' the 25th inst.

There is just a vague rumor in existence about a summer theater in Grand Rapids. If such talk should assume reality it will probably be a season of summer opera, or opera in the summer, down at Redmond's.

It has been decided that non-members of the St. Cecilia society may attend the organ and harp recital at Westminster Presbyterian church Friday evening, April 22, upon the payment of 75 cents. Members will, of course, be admitted on their regular tickets. Mrs. Frank M. Davis will furnish the vocal numbers. The following is the program:

PART I.
1. Organ Solo. Fugue and chorale from Israel in Egypt.
2. Harp. Autumn, from the Seasons.
3. Organ. Allegretto from Sonata No. 4.
4. Song with piano. Overture for the Fall.
5. Organ. Fantasia on Themes from Schubert.
6. Duo. Harp and organ. Romance.
PART II.
7. Organ. Overture to William Tell. Rossini.
8. Harp. A. Boreas.
9. Organ. Marche. Verdi.
10. Duo. Harp and organ. Largo. Handel.

AN ISLAND DINNER.

When Life Becomes a Success and the World Looks Lovely.

The angler's sole business in life, pro tem, is to catch and play his fish and to let the fresh morning air blow on his face, giving him health and appetite—to say nothing of "drunketiness"—while he pursues his sport. The actual fishing is simply the backbone of the recreation of fishing, as the real joy depends on the attendant incidents, for the true fisherman finds his pleasure not alone in the catching and playing of his fish, but equally in his surroundings and in the pleasant companionship of others who, like himself, are actuated by a true love of the sport. About twelve true anglers will gladly hint that it is

about time to land and prepare dinner, and, as nature abhors a vacuum, you will find yourself succumbing to the proposal "by a large majority." Choosing some pretty little mook, he will run the boat in on shore and, while you walk about and stretch your legs, he will start the fire. From under his seat he will produce a table and chairs and from the basket (always most liberally supplied by the hotel) he will bring forth tablecloths, napkins, knives, forks, spoons, etc. If you are of an active turn of mind you will relieve him of this part of his duty and leave him to attend to the cooking.

If you have never seen one of these men clean and prepare a fish it would be well worth your while to stroll down to the water side and watch the quick, deft manner in which he does it. Says a writer in the American Angler. In a very short space of time your dinner is ready. You find the broiled bass delicious, "done to a turn"; the potatoes are fried brown and crisp, and the French toast—a dish peculiar, I think, among Clayton oarsmen—something to dream of. The broiled chicken, the cream clear as crystal, the steak or chops—all are cooked to a nicety and perfection unequaled anywhere. In their season corn, green peas, tomatoes and fruit of all kinds are added to the bill of fare, and I can assure the reader that an island dinner cooked and served by your oarsman is not by any means the least among the many attractions of this beautiful region.

OBEYING ORDERS.

A Workman Who Put the Duke of Wellington Out of Doors.

The duke of Wellington was very stringent in respect to obeying orders. The "Iron Duke," as he was sometimes called, was never disposed to be lenient toward the slightest disobedience, but could reward and appreciate a strict fulfillment of directions. Lord Derby, says the Youth's Companion, was entertaining the duke at one of his country mansions at a time when certain repairs and improvements were going on. Some of the walls were to be decorated, and the central hall was to be tessellated.

In order to prevent injury to the floor, Lord Derby furnished several pairs of slippers which were placed near the door, and he directed a young man who was at work on one of the walls to order anyone that came in to put on a pair before crossing the passage.

"If anyone fails to attend to you," he added, "you must put him out."

Soon after a party returned from hunting, and Wellington, with his splashed and muddy boots, opened the door and rushed into the hall. The young man immediately jumped off the ladder on which he was painting, and seizing Wellington by the shoulder, fairly pushed him out of the house.

In the afternoon Lord Derby summoned all the household and men at work into the study, and seating himself beside the great warrior, demanded to know who had had the impertinence to push the duke of Wellington out of doors.

The painter all of a tremble, came forward and said: "It was I, my lord."

"And pray," rejoined the earl, "how came you to do it?"

The man then repeated the directions given him that morning and said: "I was only obeying orders, I thought, sir."

On this Wellington turned to Lord Derby, and smiling, took a sovereign out of his purse, which he gave to the workman, saying: "You were right to obey orders."

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

How a Letter Brought Back Its Own Answer.

Among the stories of extraordinary coincidences, writes a London correspondent of the Leeds Mercury, not the least curious is the history of a letter. A short time ago a lady in London wished to write to a friend in America, whose address she did not know. The only means she had of procuring the address was to write to a mutual friend, who also lived in America. This she accordingly did, and the letter was duly dispatched. The ship which carried the letter was wrecked and the mails for a time lost. They were eventually recovered and brought back to England, the letters, now much damaged by sea water, being returned through the dead letter office to the senders. The letter in question was sent back to the lady, who naturally examined it minutely. To her surprise she found that another letter had become closely stuck to it. Holding up the two-fold missive to the light, she deciphered the address on the one which was stuck to her own. It was a letter addressed to the friend to whom she wished to write, and to discover whose whereabouts her own letter had been dispatched. Her letter thus literally brought back its own answer.

FOOLING THE SNAKE.

Rate Construct a Barrier Against a Repellent Who Is Seeking Supper.

Among the prickliest of the cacti of America is one called the toyo, which is covered with spikes to an unusual extent, and so sharp and easily broken are they that one has only to touch them to cause them to penetrate the flesh and to separate from the cactus. There seems to be a poison in the spikes; for this reason, says the Irish Times, snakes and reptiles avoid it most scrupulously. A party of rats was found building a veritable fortification of the toyo spines about their burrow; some were at the thickest cutting the thorns; others carried them cautiously to the nest, while others set them in point outward and very close together. This went on for several days, until a circular line of toyo spines had been constructed from the rock on each side of the burrow hole. One evening the rats were at play outside, when a sentinel rat came running up evidently much alarmed. In a moment the scene was changed and a stream of rats were leaping from stone to stone. They had made a series of steps in the midst of the spines.

Then a good-sized rattlesnake came along, evidently in no hurry, and feeling sure of a good supper. Arrived at the fortification the snake attempted, but ineffectually, to cross it. Several times he tried, but at last drew back as if satisfied that the fortress was impregnable, while some of the rats ventured out of the hole and evidently much enjoyed the discomfiture of the enemy.

JOKES IN JOURNALISM.

Stories Made by the Editor's Imagination That Read as Facts.

Much has been written of newspaper jokes, but there is an infinity of humor within the walls of an editor's sanctum which scarcely ever reaches the outer air.

tickles the mind of the punner. Were many of the blunders which accidentally creep into reports before they see the light of publication allowed to go uncorrected, newspapers would always be humorous, and more largely purchased than at present.

The staff of the reading department of a newspaper office are compensated in the weariness of their work by the amusing errors which come under their notice while reading printers' proofs.

What would have been thought of the following had it escaped the eagle eye of the subeditor and found its way into print, the effusion of a country correspondent: "At—petty sessions, A—was charged with game trespass and B—was charged with assault. The latter being dead, did not appear."

An excellent example may be quoted from a report handed in a few days ago, which must have been hurriedly written. It was descriptive of a county council election, and birth was given to a new species of ornithology, for "the successful candidates were followed by a large crowd(s), which loudly cheered."

It was only a few weeks ago that a highly respectable Midland journal announced that an admiral "was buried with musical honors."

By far the most common form of typographical blundering is the insertion of one letter in place of another. Not long since a newspaper, reporting the danger that an express train had run in consequence of a cow getting upon the line, said: "As the safest way, the engine driver put on full steam, dashed up against the cow and literally cut it into calves." There are many farmers who would, no doubt be glad to know when that engine driver is to be on a train again.

Mistakes are not always the fault of the compositor; they frequently arise from illegible writing on the part of those who supply "copy," or from reporters failing to catch the exact words used by a speaker. The late Mr. John Bright was generally heard with perfect distinctness in every corner of the house of commons; but on one occasion, when he spoke of "attenders of clubs," these aristocratic gentlemen appeared as "vanders of gloves."

Another orator, speaking of the Italian struggle, said: "What do the Italians want? They simply want to be a nation." "What do the Italians want?" said the reporter. "They simply want to be in Asia."

A journal once announced that a company of policemen marched down a street, "dressed in blue and white gloves." The reporter who attended an inquest at which a verdict of "death from recent hemorrhage" was recorded, concluded his report by stating that the jury returned a verdict of "death from her recent marriage."

A well known paper, which has a large circulation in North Wales, reported that a man who had been recently married had been "presented with firearms" instead of "fire irons," and another paper, in the same part of the country, urged its readers "to take a retrospect of the future." A gentleman speaking of Mr. John Bright termed him "the Gamaliel of Birmingham," but a certain newspaper said he was "the gamecock of Birmingham."—London Tit-Bits.

Running with the Devil.



—Truth.

How Waterloo Was Lost.

The enemy had been pounding on our left—of course it was Bonaparte's left, but we were pleased to call it ours—for two hours, and it was getting tiresome. The little corporal had just finished breakfast and was picking his teeth in the reading room of the hotel when he noticed the condition of affairs.

"Send some artillery over there," he thundered without a moment's hesitation.

Fifteen minutes later an officer with mud in his hair dashed frantically into the presence of the great captain.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "the artillery is stuck in the mud."

The emperor bowed politely.

"And, sire, it cannot be dislodged unless the teamsters are allowed to swear at their horses."

His majesty looked interested.

"Sire, are they permitted to swear?" Bonaparte shook his head.

"No, I think not," he quietly observed. "Guess they'd better not. It would excite unfavorable comment. I'd rather be right than to keep my job, don't you know. Death before dishonor, so to speak."

And so Waterloo was lost.—Detroit Tribune.

Loved His Neighbor.

Occasionally public speakers will focus their attentions on one individual in the audience on whom, for illustration's sake, their remarks seem to be wholly and specially addressed. It is safe to say that the good man who figured as speaker to a western audience in the present instance was very much surprised at the literal application of his text.

"You must remember," he said at the conclusion of his sermon, "that the Good Book commands you to love your neighbor as yourself."

At that moment a big lost jumped up in a back seat, and twirling his hat in his hand shouted:

"I do, mister; I love her a heap better than myself, but she's gone an built a nine foot fence betwixt our lots, an she says she'll set the dogs on me if I climb up or look over."

The singing of the doxology drowned further remarks.—Detroit Free Press.

A Rat's Dog.

"What the deuce did you sell me this dog for?" exclaimed an irate purchaser, coming into a fancier's shop.

"I don't remember," responded the dealer politely, "but I think I sold him for ten dollars."

"That's exactly what you did, and you said he was excellent for rats."

"Isn't he?" inquired the innocent dealer.

"No, he isn't worth a cuss. He lets them get away from him every time."

"Well, isn't that excellent for rats?"

And the dealer asked the question so

gallelessly that the purchaser duly swooned once and walked out.—Detroit Free Press.

A Story About the Reading Room.

When Asa Packer died he left \$15,000,000 invested in the Lehigh Valley railroad with the recommendation that it be allowed to remain there for as long a definite period. As is known, Mr. Packer left but one child, a daughter. Some years ago she married Charles Cummings, a popular Lehigh Valley conductor, but who was poor and was not favorably received by some of the relatives. Cummings, believing himself the representative of the Packer estate, sought favor with the active management and attempted to advance himself to the presidency of the road.

These advances were repelled, however, and the young man felt deeply the snub he received from President Wilbur. He told them that he would get even with them, and now he has done it by turning over to a rival corporation the president, directors, managers, employees and the entire equipment of the Lehigh Valley. Cummings has had his revenge, and not only that, but he is to be the right hand man of President McLeod in the management of the great Port Reading road.

Mr. and Mrs. Cummings have been for several years enjoying their enormous revenue from the Packer investment in the Lehigh Valley. They have a sumptuously furnished private car and have traveled over the whole country in the most elegant style. Being a practical railroad man, Cummings has, since his fortunate marriage, been anxious to become prominent in railroad management, but until now President Wilbur, it is said, has been in the way.—Wilkes-Barre Times.

Will the Coming Man Sleep?

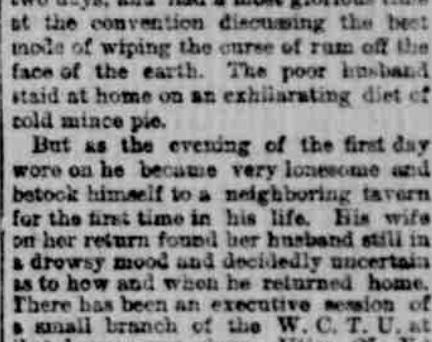
The electric light has apparently come to stay, but more likely it will in good time be replaced by something that as far exceeds it as it beats the hallowed tallow candle of our grandmothers. Not only will the streets and shops and dwellings be illuminated all night with a splendor of which we can have hardly a conception, but the country districts as well; for it is now known that plants (which apparently are not creatures of habit) do not need sleep, and that by continuous light the profits of agriculture will be enormously increased. The farmers will no longer retire to the lark, but will work night shifts, as most of them would be glad to do now in order to support the rest of us in the style to which we have been accustomed.

On the whole, we think it not unreasonable to look forward with pleasant anticipation to a time, some millions of years hence, when the literature of sleep will be no longer intelligible and the people even of this country be sufficiently wide awake to prevent the 10 per cent. of their number devoted to the patriotic pursuits from plundering the other 90 per cent and to make the judges obey the laws.—San Francisco Examiner.

She Found Work at Home.

A village in the western part of the state recently delegated a young married woman to attend the W. C. T. U. convention, held at East Aurora. The wife left her husband to keep house for two days, and had a most glorious time at the convention discussing the best mode of wiping the curse of rum off the face of the earth. The poor husband staid at home on an exhilarating diet of cold mince pie.

But as the evening of the first day wore on he became very lonesome and betook himself to a neighboring tavern for the first time in his life. His wife on her return found her husband still in a drowsy mood and decidedly uncertain as to how and when he returned home. There has been an executive session of a small branch of the W. C. T. U. at that house ever since.—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

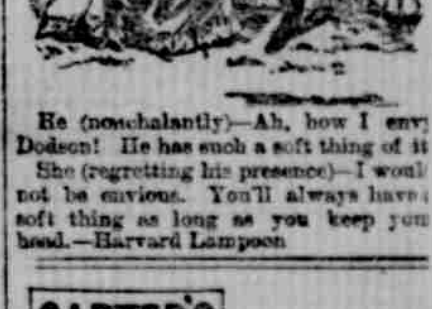


Encouraging.



He (nonchalantly)—Ah, how I envy Daddie! He has such a soft thing of it.

She (regretting his presence)—I would not be envious. You'll always have a soft thing as long as you keep your head.—Harvard Lampoon



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

SICK

HEAD

ACHE